Brooklyn Advertigements.

\*

Fancy Furniture

Of Every Description and

Every Pocket-Favoring Price.

A Collection that for Beauty, Variety and Price eclipses

anything of the kind in New York.

acceptable as they

are appropriate

Odd Chairs, Blacking Cases,

Morris Chairs, Box Couches,

Music Cabinets, India Seats,

Mahogany Work Tables,

Fancy Rockers and Chairs.

Piano Stools, Corner Chairs,

is. We shall have broken heads by the core soon, till Alva come in thirdsman.

"That is true." I muttered. "You can aree expect breuthe to love the sackers of

iariem."
"Ach! No: but we might have thought of hat before."

"We fight with the men we have," quoth I.
"Then why recken them angels?" grunted

Tabourettes, Hall Chairs,

Costumers, Book Cases,

Screens, Commodes,

Leather Furniture.

Parlor Cabinets,

Reed Furniture.

Foot Rests,

## MY LADY OF ORANGE

BY H. C. BAILEY

Copyright, 1900, by H. C. Bailey

PART 1

## CHAPTER I.

AN AUDIENCE OF GRANGE No saint am I: nay, that is true enough, else had I scarce done my work in the world and lived to sit here at 60 by my own fire-ide with the children chattering around me and Gabrielie's eyes still looking into mine. "Its thirty years ago now, and the joy of my old battles is but a dull memory, and the smoke has rolled away, and the shouts and screams have died into silence, but not yet do we torget here is Holland the days when Alva colled himself like an iron serpent round the land, and castles and towns sank down together amid blood and fire. I am English born and bred, and quarrels of Dutchman and Spanlard were no work of mine, yet something a man must do in the world, and this was the work that came to my hand to fight Alva with his own two weapons-the sword and the lie, and with both I beat him, cordieu! with both!

At the first I said I was no saint, and that, it may be, is the reason why first I fought Alva ere my turn came to meet him fairly in the field. I was true to him; save that at the last I left him for William of Nassan, I was ever true to him, and I fought for him as a man may at Mechlin, and Zutphen, and Harlem sack. Nought did we owe to Alva; it was no little he owed us: may not soldiers of fortune choose their leader? Did we not choose well when we chose Orange in Alva's stead? "Ay. ay," you answer; "choose you may but your choice should be made once." Well, 'twas a mistake, I confess, and all men make mistakes at times-else would victories be few

Mistake or no mistake, it was ended, and I John Newstead, rode into Delft to William

"An Englishman asks audience of th Prince!" "Ay, ay. English ye call yourself, Spaniard ye look," grumbled the serving men. I caught him by the collar:

"Cordient I a Spaniard, knave? I, John Newstoad? 's wounds! Madre Dios! Do 1 look a Spanierd?" I cried, raising my whip. "Well, ye swear like one," he answered, and the knave wriggled away.

A moment later I was standing in an inner room, fronting the man who had set himself slone to meet the power of Spain, the man who held out still though all his country lay in the bollow of Alva's hand. In truth, William of Nassau was a man. He sat there behind a table, with a fellow at his elbow who eved me askance as I entered, and whispered low in his master's ear. The Prince did not answer; his steady dark eyes sought mine, and he sat with his fingers drumming

on the table watching me.
"Nay, you look not like an assassin," he said quietly.
"I will cut his heart out who says it!" I eried.
"And so prove his words," said the secre-Enough, Cornput. Your name and your purpose, my friend?

"My name is John Newstead. I come to take service under your Highness."

Your name tells me nothing," the Prince

the two solut soldiers outside the town."

Ah! What say you, Cornput?"

Three hundred? Ay: stout, ay, I doubt not. How many loyal?" said the secre-

Each as loyal as myself: I answered.
That may well be, said Cornput, with a
or "Numbers, stoutness, loyalty, all on
surety of their commander. Faith, you
re yourself too low." That seems uncommon in Delft." I said shurply. "For their numbers, your Highness may count them. For their loyalty, try them. For their stoutness—they fought at Harlem." Prince and secretary started.

"At Harlem?" said the Prince, slowly.
"You are a bold man, my friend."
"You and your men sacked Harlem under Alva?" cried the secretary.

"I said we were stout soldiers." I answered.
"There was but one sack of Harlem; we were there."

And you come here-here?" stammered

"And you come here—here?" stammered the secretary.

"O, your questions grow wiser?" I cried.

"Why do you come to me?" asked the Prince. "Twas not too easy to answer. Why did I leave the winning side for one that never had much to give and now less than little? I know not, even now; it was folly—folly twice told—and the world does not think me a fool. I lead a free company." I answered. "no money have my men had for months. They have sworn to fight for Alva no more, and so I lead them to William of Orange. And for myself, cordien! I had rather fight for your Highness than any black Spanlard of them all." Ay, that, methinks, was my reason: "is hard ever to tell why a man's deeds were done. When I think of it, it seems folly, and yet as I spoke the words in the little room at Delit I believed them. Do I believe them now? Well, berhaps. Gabrielle does. I saw his eyes brighten as I spoke, and even

e favor.
You choose a cause that can give little—
needs much, my friend," said the Prince.
And I can do much and ask little," I

answered
"And your men?" asked the secretary
It was a home thrust. My men had revolted
deserted what you will from Alva because he would not pay them. Were they
likely to serve Orange better, who could not?
"My men?" I muttered "Madre Dios,
Alva would not give them their wages—weil,
they shall take them.
"Three hundred men from 14,000" said the
secretary, cooliy.

"Three hundred men from 14,000;" said the secretary, coolly,
"O, the odds are his. I knew that," I cried.
"I knew that or ever I came to Dolft"
"Spun against the Netherlands? Philip against Orange?" said the prince dreamly.

If an against time, iron against God; whose are the odds, my friend?"

I did not answer. I wondered on which side God fought when 3,000 men and women were slaughtered at Harlem, for it needed then a greater man than me to believe God was on the side of Orange. Any knave believes it now.
"Desperate tasks are all I can offer," said Orange. "Scant wages if your own efforts fail. Scant wages and desperate tasks."
"So only they be not impossible," said I. "For the wages—Alva!"
"The impossible God does every day," he answered. "You have come to me when the clouds are very black, sir. Alva lies before Breuthe; and if Breuthe falls how will you fare?"

I stood silent; if Breuthe fell there was nothing left.
"Will you take the risk?" he said quietly;

I stood silent; if Breuthe fell there was nothing left.
"Will you take the risk?" he said quietly: his steady eyes fixed themselves on me. "I will take the risk of Alva's worst." I snawered. Call it folly if you will, you who never saw William, the first stadtholder. I was looking into his eyes.

I was looking into not the life smiled.

"Alva lies before Breuthe town: hang on his rear, cut off his convoys, let him never rest. Is that to your liking?"

"I accept," said I. "I accept," said I The prince wrote for a moment and gave

The prince wrote for a moment and gave me a parchment
"I trust to your honor," he said.
"And I pledge it," I answered
And the next morning we rode away from Delft, trusted deserters, 300 men to first 14,000. I, John Newstead, Captain of lances, came forth to pit myself against Ferdinando of Alva, the greatest soldier in Europe. There was one of us had cause enough to regret my audience of Orange.

CHAPTER H

THE USE OF A BID DOE.

"So we have e'en changed masters, and tain," grunted Gaspar Wiederman, my bloostenant, as we jogged along through the woods in the crisp air of the early morn.

"Well, it can scarce be for the worse," said I.
"Ach! Who knows? cried them! Vermeil at my other elbow. "Why, we all know, we connot do more than we did for Alva, or worse, and, ma foi, we can scarce get less."

More defeats, no pay, no plunder. They are the Orange is pious, "grunted Gaspar."

Well, well; he can pray for your sins, Gaspar." cried Henri. "The good man will live on his knees."

"True, there are the convoys." said Gaspar. "Ach! fiait!"

We had come near the road. A few yards below was a mean little inn further away the road crested a hill, and coming quickly over the brow of the hill was a horseman all alone. With two fances Gaspar and young Vermell and I rode on toward the road. On and on came our traveller, leaving a trailing cloud of dust behind. At the inn he pulled up, and we heard him cry out for something, but we knew not what. There came out an old crone with a flagon, and he bent from the eadle and raised it to his lips. Just then across the road came a trim, bare-headed

girl, and her hair shope in the sunlight. He tossed the flagon back: then, bending to his saddle-bow he caught the girl in his arms and drove in his spurs sharply. The horse bounded forward, and he hair turned in his saddle toward the screaning inn woman.

"Alva's men travel free!" he said.

"Ach! so," grunted Wiederman.
On he came, galloping down the road, while the girl struggled wildly for her strength. He was just passing us when Gaspar looked sharply around at me. I needed. The thing was done in an instant. He rushed his horse suddenly forward, caught the Spaniard's need in his arm and threw his weight back and his horse on its haunches. Girl and spaniard fell together. "Gott' you may travel free, but not far, my friend not far," said Gaspar looking down at him.

The girl had staggered to her feet, but the Spaniard still lay where he had failen. "Alas' the fate of incontinence, men cher cried Henri Vermeil.

"What was your errand?" I asked in Spanish. The fellow set his teeth and said nought.

What was your errand?" I said a ka'in.

noight was your errand? I said again.
What was silent. "Search him," I cried to
the two that had come with us.

"To Don Guzman d'Astorgas,
"These:
"Fress on with all speed, for that the King's
service demands you come quickly The
bearer will be your guide. ALVA Such was the purport of the paper he bore. I read it and passed it to Caster. He shringed his shoulders.

"He seems annious, the great Alva," said

Sangdieu' This tells little," cried Henri think so?" I answered and fell a-thinking.

Where is d'Astorgas' at last I said to
the Spaniard. There was no answer.

You are fond of silence, my kidnapper, said Gaspar. said Gaspar.
"We can gratify you with the opportunity
for eternal silence," Vermell said, with a

for eternal salence," Verneel said, with a chuckle.

"I will wait three minutes: then—speak or die," I said shortly Ay, I knew he would never speak. Your true Spanaard is hard as iron to others, but—give the devil his due he is cast in steel nimsel!

"Will you answer?" He shook his head I nodded to our two troopers. But the girl ran forward—I think we had all lorgotten the girl—and caught my hands.

"No, no," she cried. "He must not die." Gott: 'tis his own choice, "grunted Gaspar." Will you speak?" I asked again.
"I die for the lath and the King," he cried, and I signed to the troopers again and turned away, while the girl hid her lace.
"I hope his lath is a better color than his King, grunted Gaspar. The girl looked up." You—are you of the faith? she cried. "Oh, perhaps, mademoiselie, perhaps, said terned.
"Of which laith?" I asked.
"The reformed—the faith of Grange."
"Ay, ay, our faith is our master's, said Gaspar."
"We are in the service of the Prince of."

Gaspar

"We are in the service of the Prince of Orange, I said.

"An! she clasped her hands in joy "Take me, take me with you" Vermeil smiled behind his hand.

"Teufel! The ways of women!" said Gaspar a Take me to the Prince, "she cried again "The Prince? Are you mad? You a girl from an hin?"

The little minx drew herself up with some

The little minx drew herself up with some thing like a simile.

"Yes, i, a girl from an inn," she said.

I looked at her, and from her to Gaspar, and from Gaspar to Vermell Vermell nodded "You will find I am worth taxing," she said. I eyed her again. Iruly, she was a strange maid to come from an inn. Her hands were small and white, and on brow and neck ran the thin lines of blue under the clear white sain. A maid from an inn! Scarce only that, and so she came with us on her way to the Prince.

"Me know neither where he is hor what he does; only Alva is in a hurry," quoth Gaspar.

"We know not her where he is nor what he does only Alva is in a hurry," quoth Gaspar.

"Not where he is, truly; he brings a convoy I wager my horse," said I. "Shall we send him a guide?"

The two looked at me in silence.
"Seal up the parchment again. One bearer is as good as another. The bearer will be your guide."
Gaspar chuckled.

"We know not where he is," said Vermeil. "Goit! I could smell a convoy ten miles off, "cried Gaspar.
"You will go?"
"Ave, I will go and guide him to hell if you will."
"Nay, not so far: only to Veermut Bridge."
"What is the use of a bridge?"
"Much—when it's broken, said I.
So Gaspar Wiederman mounted and galloped off to smell out Don Guzman, and we rode on toward the bridge of Veermut. By my side rode the girl, sitting her horse like a queen—steed and saddle Henri Vermeil had found her. For a little there was silence. I was pondering how we had best receive Don Guzman, and ever and anon the thought would come across my mind how would my men ever endure the service of Orange? They had been ready enough to leave Aiva. Now it was done, how would they like the change? And I, who cared naught for Alva, cared more than a little for the man I had seen but once—the thin, weary man, with the great, dark eyes, at Delit Suddenly, while I pondered.

"Why did you kill him?" asked the gir! I looked up startled.
"So perish all the enemies of the faith!" quoth Vermeil.
"Nay, not without repentance!" she cried. "Repentance!" said I. "A Spaniard repent."

"Murder never aided a cause, "she answered."

"Murder never aided a cause," she an-"One cannot make war in white gloves," I said, and she answered nothing
By long and by last we came to Veermut bridge, the narrow old wooden bridge to which belongs the fame and the honor of the first hard blow struck at Alva, the invincible "To the bridge?" you ask Aye, to the bridge On one side were Don Guzman d'Astorgas and Gasper Wiederman and the convoy; on the other, Alva and Breuthe town; and betwixt the two only a tew miles of causeway and a river. Well, and

SUBSTANTIAL PRESENTS.

We have a full line of Furniture suitable for Holiday Presents. Elegance, Usefulness and Solidity are blended in every piece. All of our goods come from the best factories and are personally guaranteed by us. The superior quality of our stock cannot be excelled, and Our Very Low Prices cannot be equalled anywhere.



NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR SPECIAL CREDIT.

Brooklyn Furniture Company, Furniture, Carpets, Draperies,

559 to 571 Fulton Street. = = - Brooklyn, N. Y. immummummum

our plans, and as we passed the girl suddenly she turned her horse toward me.

"Is two murders a day your custom, sir?" she asked.

I did not answer: a woman's scorn is not easy to answer.

"Will you send me to the prince?" she asked again.

"When I can safely," said I.

"And till then, sir?"

"Till then you must trust me."

"Trust—you!" she cried, and her eyes flashed cold, like steel.

CHAPTER III.

THE POSTERN GATE.

The moon had set, and all around us was dark as we broke our bivouac at Veermint and moved through the pine woods toward. Breathe, with a cloud of skirmishers feeling our way. "Touch not the cat but the glove," saith the proverb, and in truth Alva was a mighty cat. Three hundred man were we 4,000 and Alva himself lay before lireuthe town, and many more no long journeys way. What could we do against them? Yet there lay Alva, and the town was doome if no help came, and, Breuthe taken, the country lay at his feet. All that was clear enough, and no less clear was it when Gaspar par pit it bluntly into words as we sat by the campfire.

"And so naught is possible, think you?"

Tiedity, and some of them never woke again. To and fro they ran, beating the flames, and the blazing staves of the powder barrels and the tents. So the gray morning plot the tents. So the gray morning light broke over Breu

And the property of the same o

to the irrides. On one side were trap trace and the convey on the other, Alva and firethe town and hetwit the two and alva and firethe town and hetwit the two and alva and the price. The two and alva and the two and alva and the price and the two and the two and the firethe two and the two and th A COUNCIL OF DESPAIR.

"By the eyes of God! I will not leave a rat alive within the walls of Breuthe!" So the Duke of Aiva had cried when his storming party was beaten down; and men who hurled back the best troops of Spain that day knew well what their fate would be if they failed then, or if they should fail thereafter.

But Aiva's words had come true already The tanneries had given up their hides, the trees were stripped of their leaves, the very netties that grew beneath the walls were plucked, and all had become food for the hollow-eyed, skin-cheeked men, who clung still to the little shattered town. Rats were a luxury of the past in Breuthe. So I stood on the wall gazing at the charred tents in Aiva's camp, and back again at the lean sentines that paced by me, and I saw that the end must come very soon. Nay, it did not daunt me; I have yet to hear of the day when John Newstead was daunted. There, too, somewhere in that half-hurned camp, was Gabriele de St. Trond, dead or alive, and as I stood watching I vowed it should go hard with the man who took her if she were wronged, even a little. And of aught clies was there little hope.

I walked slowly back to my quarters, and my charves the leave to the said scheme after gehene went coursing through my brain There Gaspar and Vermeil awaited me, and even Vermeil looked solomn.

"Ach' come at last, captuin," grunted Gas-

There Gaspar and Vermeil awaited me, and even Vermeil looked solomn.

"Ach' come at last, captain," grunted Gaspar I flung down my hat, loosed my beit, and sat.

"Am I needed?" quoth I gott! That is what I ask Are any of us needed here? I looked at him lazily indeed, I was not thinking of his words. Quite other things were in my head than the grunbling of Gaspari and he was in carnest. The broad, red brow was bent in a heavy frown, his gran eyes were wide open and bright, and he sat with his head resting on a hand hidden in his thick curly hair.

"Needed?" I answered. "Is Breuthe so strong?"

"Needel?" I answered. Is Brenthe so strong?

Do we strengthen it?" said Gaspar slowly, "Our food will not last long. Newstead's company are not the men to feed on netties, what is the end to be Captain? I like more than half a loof, and there will not be half

Gaspar.
"Have you done?" I cried.
"Done? No! The townsfolk don't trust

girl who had found us the postern, before whom the postern had opened to us ere she was borne away in Gaspar's charge Cor-dicu! I wished her father had struck me, and I believe I should have borne the blow. "How came" she here, sir?" he asked calmir

"Ach! if we're not impossible?" grunted the tierman.

"He will scarce be willing to treat with descriters," Cernell went on, "and descriters who have nothing to give and all to ask. If only we did not come empty-handed!" he addedwith a sigh.

"Words, words!" said Gaspar scornfully. I looked at vermell, and his eyes met mine for a moment and dropped; for an instant, and only an instant, he scemed to smile.

"There is just one thing we could aid him, to," said vermell. Gaspar shifted his chair. "The fruit is all but ripe enough to fall, and yet he might thank the man who plucked it. Ah! if we were not descriters we might sell Breuthe!" Ah! if we were not deserters we might sell Breuthe!"

"Ten thousand devils! Sell Breuthe?" cried daspar, dashing his chair back.

"Ay, we might sell Breuthe." I rereated slowly. Gaspar sprang up and stood leaning over us with one hand on the table.

"Sell Breuthe?" he shouted. "I thought we were soldiers, not a money-grubbing pack of traitors double-dyed! Who made Breuthe yours to sell? You come to the aid of St. Trond here, you lose his daughter, and you sell his town! Mighty deeds! God in heaven! I tell you I will hold Breuthe against you myself. I, Gaspar Wiederman, against any ratting huckster in the town," and he stormed out of the room.

"He seems moved, Captain," said Vermeil coolly.

"He seems moved, Captain," said Vermeil coolly
"The men will follow the money, eh?" I asked
"Ma fed, yes: men are men, as the good Gaspar said.
"If I go to Abba will you keep peace in the town?" said I.
"You—to Alva?" stammered Vermeil. "He must knew you brought us to Orange. Think of the risk. Send a message."—There will be more risk in my meeting Alva before all is done, "said I slowly. He stared at me in amazement, thinking he had scarce heard aright.
"I—I do not understand," he muttered "You will," I answered "I will be my own messanger. At all costs keep the peace till you see me again."
So, first as the sun was setting, a wiry man in a cloak that hid his armor slipped out of the postern gate of Breuthe all alone and turned toward Alva's camp. And behind me rose the gray walls of the town that had baffied the Spaniard so long, gilt and crimsoned by the rays from the West.

Here and there, breaking the blue mist of the horizon, a dell red glare shone out, marking the forays of Alva's nen. Sone-where beyond the horizon, beyond the furthest stretch of Alva's arm, William of Orange, William the Taciturn, William of over the travailing land.

So I went forth to sell Breuthe.

To be continued

College.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 7.-The Mississippi

Legislature at its last session appropriated \$40,000 for the establishment of a textile

school in connection with the Mississippi

Agricultural and Mechanical College at

Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville. The appropriation was hardly sufficient to put the school in good working order, but the college has just received notice from Northern manufacturers of their de-sire to equip the new school with all the textile machinery it might need of the tex-tile variety at a cost of \$25,000 to \$30,000.

Special opportunities may be found by referring THE SUN'S Real Estate columns. - Ade.

Gift of Textile Machinery to a Southern

one "Mutiny against me?" I cried,
"Nay, no one will mutiny," said Vermeil,
smoothly: "but it is well to consider the wishes

smoothly: 'but it is well to consider the wishes of the men.'
Teifell. I say they will mutiny," quoth Gassar. 'Men are men. Food is food. They'll mutiny sooner than starve. Gott! Do yeu blaue them? Will you dine off catgut. too? "Perhaus it is time to consider our plans," said Vermeil. "But, no doubt, you have some scheme. Cantain?" "Scheme? Cordien! No: I have only one scheme for mutineers—the halter!" "Then you need a lusty hangman?" grunted Gaspar.

Medicine Cabinets. Bamboo Book Shelves, Music Racks, Library Tables, Umbrella Stands, Card Tables, Parlor Tables, Fancy Desks, Chiffoniers, Desk Chairs, Couches, Roll Top Dasks, Revolving Office Chairs, Shaving Cabinets, Toilet Dressers,

Children's Morris Chairs,

Children's High Chairs,

Children's Rockers,

Children's Couches, etc., etc., etc. 中國政治的 医中国神经 计通信工作 经设计 的复数 在野野经济 计多数形式计划 In Greater New York and at New Jersey RR. Stations HAHNE & CO Newark, N.J.

POKER BAD FOR JURORS.

ssouri Judge's Remarks on Sending Them Into Custody for Thanksgiving. From the Kansas City World.

There are twelve good men and true who would have had to spend a sorry Thanksgiving Then why recken them angels?

"well, well," I said, "what would you have me do, Gaspar?"

The German twisted himself in his chair and scratched his head. Then he crashed his hand down on the table, and—
"This!" he said, "We must fight! We came in through Alva, and we must go out through him, too. We can leave the convoy here for the Dutchmen. Tenfel! Alva has more than one. And we might find the wench in his camp!" this morning in expounding the law lent a new and novel interpretation to the regulations governing jurors.

The twelve men are the jurers who will try George M. Wingard for shooting and killing William A. Simpson on April 24 last in the Lincoln rooming house, at 335 West Fifth street.

intrough him, too. We can feave the convoy here for the Dutchmen. Telifel: Alva has more than one. And we might find the wench in his camp:

I looked at Vermeil. He shrugged his shoulders a little.

Ah! What say you, Vermeil? I asked.

There is much in Gaspar's plan," said he. There is one thing he has forgotten, we can feed the men on convoys, but it will be hard to pay them the same way.

The wages of Orange? I said Vermeil spread out his hands.

The wages of Orange? They will not take hong a-counting abe answered. We must have money. We cannot get money by staying in Breuthe, and there seems little to be got by going out. It's unfortunate there is no other way." He paused and ideaspar and I both stared at the sleek cilve lace and the twinking green eyes.

As Gaspar said very well, the men are not ansels, and only angels and devils were for nothing. Hesides that, to break through Alva's lines again mas not be so easy as it was the first time, and Alva may not treat use kindly if he takes us. We have not deserved well at his hands. It is very unfortunate there is no other way."

Again he paused, and Gaspar broke out:

Teufell Man, are you turned reven, with your endless croak? There is nothing easy; but we are desperate: that is why our would sheld. But I say it is unlucky we are desperate: that is why our endless croak? There is nothing easy; but we are desperate: that is why our endless croak? There is nothing easy; but we are desperate: that is why our endless croak? There is nothing easy; but we had a chance of making terms with Alva-for example It would be better—"Ach! why taik of the impossible? "Frunted the terman.

"He will gearce be willing to treat with descriers, Vernell went on, "and deservers will went on, "and deservers will went on, "and deservers will an advant and any and one that you will long remember if we had a chance of making terms with Alva-for example It would be better—"The hore and the making terms with Alva-for example It would be better—"The proposition of the went of the propositi

Point-Annapolis football game, "This is the first game Annapolis has won in half a dozen years."
While strictly true, it is misleading. There have been but two games since '93. One this year and one last year. The games between these two acade, mies stand 4 to 2 in favor of Annapolis:

1890 1891 1891 1891 1892 1805 1894 1895 1897



The only way by which the diseased parts of the head, throat and lungs can

IT KILLS ALL CERMS located in the air passages; thus permanently curing

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and CONSUMPTION.

In breathing Hyomei daily you protect yourself against disease, by destroying all germs inhaled.

By breathing Hyomai daily you kill the germs already located in the air passages and lungs, which are the true cause of the disease.

Hyomei is guaranteed and your

money refunded in all cases of Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and Consumption, where a cure is not

Five days' treatment and medical advice free. Outfits Complete \$1,00. Trial Outfits 25c. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail. THE R. T. BOOTH CO., Ithaca, M. E.